ABOUT PEOPLE WHO SEEK IMMORTALITY BY DESTROYING WHAT IS BEYOND PRICE

The world is too much with us; late and soon, Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers. Little we see in noture that is ours; We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon! The sea that bares her bosom to the moon; The winds that will be howling at all hours. And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers; For this, for everything, we are out of tune; It moves us not.-Great God! I'd rather be A pagan suckled in a creed outworn. So might I, standing on this pleasant lea, Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn; Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea; Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn. -Wordsworth.

EAD IT OVER slowly, if you like poetry; if you despise poetry, skip the sennet and take a fresh start. It's all about Hueco Tanks and Cloudcroft, our mesa and our parks, and it refers to defacements of historical monuments and natural scenery with men's scribblings, billboards, and destruction of foliage.

Wordsworth sang in his living verse the sentiments of men not wholly calloused by the friction and pressure or modern life in what we complacently call "civilization." O what a fake world this is-the people in it. How we pretend and how we delude ourselves. We are such liftle folk, such narrow minded, dull spirited, unaspiring folk. We set forth our theoretical schemes of character-decuration in our creeds, our statutes, and our constitutions, and then we proceed catelessly and almost blithely to violate them all one by one.

We visit some precious haunt of sweetest simplest

nature, exclaim O how lovely, and then scratch our names on the rocks, litter the sward with lunch garbage, break wantenly the limbs of flowering shrubs, smash beer bottles in the spring, shoot a few Bluebirds with a cat rifle, and go on our way rejoicing.

We find relics of a forgotten race, perhaps centuries old, and instead of cherishing them for their curious, scientific, and sentimental interest, we scrawl them into oblivion, or dash them into powder.

We find the names of United States cavallymen-"dragoons"---"on way to California escorting Kentucky immigrants, May 3, 1848," and hopelessly blind to the sentimental side of human imagination that ought to protect these writings throughout the centuries as part of the historical record of our dear west, we paint a two-foot heart and a six-foot arrow over the name, enclosing in the heart the magic initials "A. M. H.-J. F. V.-El Paso 1914"—a proud contribution to estheti-

We find on the rocks a drawing in red other of an antelope, painted there by some Apache great-grandfather perhaps before the American revolution, and we take the trouble to complete the little figure with a stovepipe hat, a forked tail, a set of false teeth, and a stunning belt with sleighbells; then we sign our immertal initials and go our way, content that we have perpetrated a huge joke.

We find an indian drawing of a fit tree, and we put windows and a door in it to make a beautiful gable ended house. We find an ancient indian drawing of a majestic bird, and we write musical notes in its tail to the tune of "Caroline rag," carefully inserting the appropriate words underneath, "We won't go home matil morning." This is our livided American way. until morning." This is our typical American way of having z good time, "close to nature's heart."

We find the authentic date "1846" beside some

pioneer's inscription, and under it, as we invite our

admiring friends to laugh, we paint our names, and the date, "1491," to antedate Columbus and bring a laugh from the next tourist. We are such a funny folk, so witty and so cute. In the city, we spend \$40,000 to buy land and con-

struct a green little park, a "beauty spot" in the midst ut sordidness, and then we decorate its edges with hideous billboards, and proudly announce that we have the finest billboards in Texas. We erect choice garages of rusty tin, chicken houses of burlap and thorn staves,

and invite tourists to admire our boulevards. Rivers were meant by the Creator to be beautiful and useful, so we strew their banks with garbage and tin cans, empty our sewers into them, and move as far away as we can onto the high lands to avoid the mosquiton we breed there.

"Une Granite Tires To Avoid Punctures" glares at "The Grante Tires to Avoid Functures" glares at an from the face of a huge boulder on the mountain side, and we say, "That fellow was persevering when be painted that sign." We don't think of the mountain's feelings at all. Who can enjoy the sea without a Capid's slide, a merrygoround, a dance pavilion, and a crab palace? We feel compelled to float lunch boxes, empty bottles, and peanut shells on the pond, because the water looks too plain to our educated eyes. No waterfall is complete without the sign, "Use Peachblow Soap and Save Your Complexion." A mountain observatory in a duli place without a lunch counter and the sign, "A cup of coffee with cocoanut pie, only a dime-Hurry!"

Ruins? They are worth nothing except as supports for advertising signs. Beauty is a thing so useless, so impossible to cash in-it is out of harmony with our modern day. We are engaged in "getting and spending."
Our jaded souls and intellects require sensation and shock. We cannot bear to let the happy little oriole sit quietly on the branch and sing; we must shy a rock at him to see if our biceps is in training. If we find a crystal spring, it was made to wash our

hands in. What we cannot use we pollute: that is our American way of having a good time.

We go into the forest, and strip the bark from the trees to make room for our initials and the date of our visit. We light fires and go away to let them quietly eat into the ground under the roots of a 300 year patriarch spruce. Who cares? We had our lunch.

On the way to Cloudcroft there are many scenes and

vistas of rare beauty. At Switchback the canyons come together, and there is a little mountain park there, carpeted with flowers and rimmed with evergreen trees. That would never do, so we cut down some trees, make s clearing, and on the side hill, dominating the entire landscape and glaring into the cars where tourists ride who have paid \$5 each for the privilege of viewing the scenery and breathing the mountain ozone, we erect a great yellow, orange, and black sign of "Our Coal and Coke—the Best Ever." We are trying to give the \$5 tourists their money's worth. Some of us wouldn't have put that sign there for any price, but the El Paso & Southwestern railroad doesn't care-it has our money. "Little we see in nature that is ours; we have given our hearts away."

If there must be a choice made between paganism with love of beauty, and "20th century civilization" with billboards rimming our parks, advertising signs in the fairy glens, filth in the springs, defacement of historical monuments with fools' initials—picked bones, bean cans, broken glass, and greasy papers where dryads would love to dance, careless fires eating into the hearts of trees, and wanton slaughter of birds and tiny furry things that flash among the leaves and scoot across the sunlit spates—then we choose to be pagans. It is a creed not "outworn," as Wordsworth falsely says (needing a rbyme) but enduring past all thange, alive and secure, because true—the appreciation of the poetry of life, the cherishing of the "nucless things."

Short Snatches From Everywhere

Anybody can get into a fight, but it takes an adopt to play the game of neutrality. Memphia Commercial Appeal.

The hainer to Uncle Sam, Dr.: Sinking of one perfectly good and vessel, \$228,650.54. Please remit.—Washington Herald.

Somebody has blown up a Los Angeles theater. This is oven going beyond the rights of criticism.—Pasalena (Cal.) News.

Wonder how many persons in the east have just scorered that they had relatives in California, fan't !-- Austin (Tex.) Tribune.

Gifford Pinchet says he will stay in politics. But before a man can stay in a thing be has to get into it—Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier.

it—Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier.

Men who have made a success of their work, who are nonorable as any man in office, do not like to have politicians tell them how tielr affairs shall be conducted—Los Angeles Times.

Soul-mating, if it ever really existed, is now a lost art. The good, old-fashioned, give-and-take partner-able is the only one that praves successful in a matrimoulal way.—Grand Rapids (Mich.) News.

Great Britain ways our textile manufacturers may have two cargons of dyes from Germany if shipped from Hotterdam is neutral vessels. Thanks England. And is there any objection to Americans having stranberry shortcake once a week, provided they grow their own berries?—Nogales (Ariz.) Herald.

The German ambusador at Washington is charged with violating long honored precedent in publicly criticising United States policies. Perhaps be concluded that as international law was no longer respected there was no good reason why official precedents should be observed.—Kansas City Journal.

A fleet of hostile alerrate infinitely more dangerous than all the dirigibles and planes in existence hovers in our homes and business places at the present moment. To swar this menacing enemy is about as visuand inmediate a duty as any we know. Let's kill the fly before he kills us.—Douglas (Ariz.) Dispatch.

Elephant Butte Dam Will Last 100 Years Longer Water Continues To Scour Out Silt As Now

PECULIAR thing is now taking place at the dam," said Jos. C Gawler, Paymaster at Flophant Butte, who has been in the begins on May 3, will be heavy," said P. H. Marcum, assistant district attorners are continued that way and heavy and h

rat lady did.

Over and over, faster and faster, inside the hoop Uncle. Wiggilly rolled
down the hill, head over paws, but he
did not mind that. He came to where
the fox was carrying away Jimmio
Wibblewobble, the dick boy.

"Here! You let Jimmie go?" Uncle
Wiggilly cried. "Let him go!" And with
that the rabbit gentleman uncolled himself from inside the hoon, and with his
long, sharp ears Uncle Wiggilly Gokled
the fox so hard that he hughed and
sneed and had the hieroughs all at
once.

But just as he started to roll his hoop up to the top of a hill in order to race down the other side, up came running Alice Wibblewobile, the duck

ABE MARTIN



Another dandy good time 't be neutral is at th' breakfast table. Clarence Moots, who had his allowance cut off a week ago, is not so lively t'day.

HARVARD INSULTS GERMANY,

SAYS DR. KUNO MEYER

New York, April 18.—Because he considers that Harvard university has insulted Germany, Dr. Kuno Meyer, of the University of Berlin, has withdrawn his candidacy for the poet of exchange professor at Harvard. His ire was directed particularly at an anti-German poem entitled "Gott Mitt Una," which appeared in one of the student publications. The poem won the prize in a competition instituted by the publication for poems on the war. Prof. Meyer was to have filled his post as exchange professor during the next college year.

Prof. Meyer aunounces he sent in his resignation to president A. Lawrence SAYS DR. KUNO MEYER

But, fust as he started to roll his hoop up to the top of a hill in order to race down the other side, up came rouning Alice Wibblewoble, the dock sirl.

And then the fox was so surprised at the forming fine that rouning Alice Wibblewoble, the dock sirl.

One Uncle Wiggliy! cried Alice, "A bad for not the foot of the hill has seeing a rabbit gentleman roll down-bad for not the foot of the hill has any so—that fox was—that he ran away. On, save him! I mean save Jimmis—and the foot of the hill has away and didn't carry off Jimmis—the the foot of the hill has away and didn't carry off Jimmis—the round the foot?

"I will!" bravely cried Encle Wiggliy.

The rabbit gentleman roll down-blew the foot of the hill has a second and the foot of the hill has returned from any so—that fox was—that he ran away. On, save him! I mean save Jimmis—and the foot of the hill has returned from any so—that fox was—that he ran away and didn't carry off Jimmis—the high respect to Germans and he endorses the poen the crowning in-blew to Germans and he endorses the poen the crowning in-blew to Germans and he endorses the poen the crowning in-blew to Germans and he endorses the poen the crowning in-blew to Germans and he endorses the poen the crowning in-blew to Germans and he endorses the high as a series of acts from Harvard.

"On pour la way. And the duck bey."

The rabbit gentleman roll down-blew to Germans and he endorses the poen the crowning in-blew to Germans and he endorses the poen the crowning in-blew to Germans and he endorses the poen the crowning in-blew to Germans and he endorses the poen the crowning in-blew to Germans will again be found to a trie flow of the hill.

A. E. Dudley, well know maining off-mail to prove the series of acts from Harvard.

A. E. Dudley well know maining off-mail to prove the series of acts from Harvard to Germans will again be found to a trie flow off-mail to receive the poen the crowning in-blew to Germans will again be found to a trie flow of the hill the bottom to Germans will again be found to

Platte River Is Queerest of All: Heavy Dew Makes High Water and Hot Day Makes It Dry BY GEORGE FITCH.

HE careful student of American wonders should not overlook the Platte river.

It is very easy to do this, especially in summer time when the Platte has a habit of playing hide and seek with the spectator, which is embar-rassing in the extreme.

The Platte is an elongated strip of damposes extending from the Mis-souri river to the Yellowstone park. It is 1,600 miles long, a mile wide, and as deep as one of the new dances.

and as deep as one of the new dances.

This is what makes the Platte faminas. Many another river is a mile wide, but no other river on earth wide, but no other river on earth spreads so little water over so wide a territory. A heavy dew in Nebraska makes high water in the Platte. It square miles of trairie land—enough to support the population of Ireland—and produces only an imposing waste of anothers and anages with about as much water running between the sandbars and anages with about as much water running between the sandbars to serve as a training to the bridge companies. The Platte goes dry on the first hot day, and has to depend on wells for its moisture the rest of the summer.

Many movements for the abolishing of the Platte have been started but have falled because of the opposition of the bridge companies. The Platte goes dry on the first hot day.

The Platte goes dry on the first hot a bridge in explanation, but one of the most effective.

It is a shocking waste—as shocking as the devoting of the vast resources of a great university to the education of g downy brained young man who has hot yet succeeded in learning 10 percent of the ten commandments. The Platte is a great river in the spring, and swes the spectator by its breath and majesty. But it is not highly valued in Nebrasian, because when it is most needed, it isn't there. It is like the young recruit from the bush learne, who hats 400 in the pering practice, and then atrikes out four times hand running with nea on have, after the season opens. As a river, it is the poorest pinch hitter in the world. The Platte roes dry on the first hot day, and has to depend on wells for its moisture the rest of the summer.

Bedtime Story For the Little Ones

"Uncle Wiggily, Another Hoop." By HOWARD B. GARIS.

Bill. What are you going to do today?" asked Nurse Jane Fursy Wuzsy, the Jane Fursy Wuzsy, the Nurse Jane said. "It does my rheumatism good, for one thing," Uncle Wigglis answered with a laugh. And perhaps it does other good things, too. Now watch me." muskrat lady housekeeper of the rabbit scutterian, as he came down to break-last in the hollow atump bungalow one

morning.

"What am I going to do? Well, I hardly know," answered Mr. Longeara, as he spread some carrot butter on his slice of cabbage bread and made a lettuce annowinh. "I think I shall go for a walk in the woods, though."

"Do you expect to have an idventure." asked Nurse Jane.

"Well," replied Uncla Wiggily, "you never can tell what will happen. If an adventure comes along I will how politicly to it, and have a good time if I can."

"Whatever you do, please don't roller skate," advised Nurse Jane.

whatever you do, please non't raiser skate," advised Nurse Jame.
"No, I'll let the fuzzy for do that," Uncle Wiggily said, as he laughed and thought of what had happened to him the day before.

Soon after breakfast the rabbit gen-

the day before.

Soon after breakfast the rabbit gentleman started out to walk in the woods and across the fields. He had not gone very far before he saw Jackie and Feetle Bow Wow, the puppy-dog boys, running along a woodland path relining a hoop.

"Hal That looks like a good fun" said Uncle Diegily. "I think I could roll a hoop myself. Mans Jane wouldn't mind that, and I could easily learn Re-much more easily than I could learn roller skather. I'll do it." Going over to where Jackie and Peetle Row Wow were taking a little rest, and gnawing a bone sandwich their mother had given them, Uncle Wiggily asked:

"May I take one of your hoops a minute, boys."

"Yes, take both of them." Jackie and Peetle said at once. "What are you going to do with them."

"Roll one," Uncle Wiggily answered with a smile. "One hoop is unough for that."

So he took Jackie's, and using his

that."

So he took Jackie's, and using his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch for a stek the rabbit gentiement was soon trundling the hoop along as nicely as one of the little puppy-dog boys could have done.

If like this? Uncle Wiggly exclaimed "I'm soing to set a hoop of my own."

"Ok, please do!" cried Jackie and.

"Oh please dol" cried Jackie and Peetie. "We'll have such fun togeth-

Peerle. "We'll have such fun together."

Uncle Wiggily went to the monkey deodle's toy store.

"I'll have a rolling hoop," said the rabbit gentleman.

"What was the matter ith the roller skales I sold you yesterday" asked the store monkey.

The fox has those," replied Uncle Wiggily. "I don't like roller skaling, anyhow. Hooping is much more fun."

So he went out to roll his hoop, and soon he and Jackie and Feeti and Lulu and Alice and Jimmie Wibblewobble, the dock children, with Bully and Rawly No. Tall, the frog boys, and many other of the animal children, were having lots of fun trunding and rolling their hoops over the fields atthrough the woods.

"Well, of all things!" exclaimed Nurse Jane Fuzzy, the muskrat lady, on her way back from the store, as she saw Uncle Wiggily rolling his hoop. What will that rabbit do next!" she saked of Aunt Lettle, the old lady goat, who was with her.

"There is no telling." Aunt Lettle replied. "But he seems to be enjoying himself."

"Yes, Uncle Wiggily always does that," said Nurse Jane "Well, this is

himself."
"Yes, Uncle Wingily always does that," said Nurse Jane. "Well, this is sailer than roller skating, anyhow. But I wish he would not be so childish as te roll a hoop."
Uncle Wiggily did not seem to mind, though. Up and down the woodland

claimed Uncle Wiggily. All of a sud-den he curled himself up inside the hoop like a circus performer. "Give me a push down the hill!" Unce Wig-gily said to Nurse Jane, and the musik-rat lady did.

14 Years Apo Today ====

From The Herald This Date 1901. The general reception committee to merchants and capitalists of Chihur-ceive McKinley's presidential party hus, is here on business.

reld another meeting this afternoon in the chamber of commerce to perfect the chamber of commerce to perfect plans for the caterialment of the dis-tinguished guesta Gen. marshal Davis outlined the plans he had made for the parade and escort of the distinguished guests. The party will arrive here next Monday morning and elaborate prepara-tions are being made by mambers of the chamber of commerce to give them the reception their positions deserve. The music committee has engaged Prof. Conchas and the McGinty bands, so the musical feature of the occasion is well taken care of.

L. R. Crum, mining expert of Chihua-hua, is registered at the Orndorff.

A. E. Dudley, well known mining man of Torreon, is in the city on hual-ness.

Charles Mining

C. W. Harkrider, agent for the New York Life at Abilene, is shaking hands with El Paso friends.

Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Robles, who were on their way to Chlifornia, spent the day with their daughter, Mrs. L. M. Breick.

Fred Watrous is ill with scarlet feer. He has ne idea where he contracted t, but he is in quarantine and there is o danger of the disease spreading. Miss Marie Mattingly, of Washington, D. C. is in El Paso. She is a special correspondent of the New York World and Washington Post and is here to cover the reception to the presidential

party.

Mrs Ina White Shipp, of Phoenix, passed through here today on her way home from Washington, where she has been looking after a suit in which she came off victor and secured about \$700 hack pay and a pension of \$12 per month. She was the first wife of E. W. T. Shipp.

T. Shipp.

S. L. Pierce, a prominent mining man of Chihuakua, who is interested with lir. Flower there, was dismissed from an El Pass, hospital this mersing and will return to Mexico as soon as his health will permit. Mr. Fierce came here sick two weeks ago and his physician advised him to remain for a time.

The Daily Novelette TOO GOOD TO DIE.

DEBUT OF HALLROOM CHAINS. Every peach must have a sinner Every fish a little bone.

S Crowded from pic to dome and crowded from pit to dome and back again. Not one of 79 seats audience had put their hate on the un-

Hallroom Chains, the speaker of the evening, was rather nervous as he stood in the cloakroom waiting the chairman to announce bim, for his. first public appearance, was to decide whether he would give up forever his trade of harness sewing.

Pompously. Mr. Simmait Scotcher, the chairman, began his introduction:

Tadies and gentlemen, I have the unbounded joy, the granification and hotor to introduce to you this evening one whose aliver tongue will charm your senses, whose golden flow of thought will hypothise your intellect, whose radium personality will capture your hearts and hold them is bondare.

whose radium personality will capture
health will permit. Mr. Pierce came
here sick two weeks ago and his physician advised him to remain for a
time.

THREE AUTOMOBILES STOLEN;
TWO OF THEM ARE RECOVERED
Clyde Holmer's Hupmobile was taken
from the Myrtle avenue front of the
Hilks club Tuesday ovening and one not
yet been recovered.
Leon B. Ponce's Ford auto was taken
from his garage Tuesday night, driven
during the night and returned to the
garage arily Wednesday morning.
H. L. Allson's Ford auto was found
atanding on North Mesa avenue by the
police Tuesday night. It was slightly
damaged but was being run again Wednesslay.

He who buys bome products loves
home.

WALT MASON.

Knocking Booze

LL gladly hit the water cooler," says George, Great Britain's worthy ruler, "and cut the bugguine out, as an example to the laddies who blow the shillings of their daddies for porter, beer and stout. By foreign for we are endangered, and Boore, like some fierce dog enmangered, is raising hob at home; it toils not, and keeps men from toiling, and keeps them hot with useless broiling, as they blow off the fuam. We're running short of ammunition because our workingmen's condition recalls the old D. T.; the provocation now seems ample, and so I'll set a good example—no long cold drinks for me." Tis thus with all the warring nations; they're finding out that liquid rations are fruitful of despair, far more than all the swords that singhter, the submarines down of despair, far more than an the awards that hargens, the same so works's flowing; we see the thirsty monities going to tap the helpful well; and France, the volatile and merry, prohibited the old "green fairy" that sent her sons to hell. The German soldiers heard the kaiser informing them it would be wiser to give the pump a show; thus all the rulers are deciding that Barleycorn, the long abiding, means trouble, strife and woe.

(Copyright by George M. Adams.) EL PASO HERALD

An Independent Daily Newspaper H. D. Sinter, Editor-in-Chief and controlling owner, has directed The Herald for 17 Years; G. A. Martin is News Editor.

The SI Pass Herald was established in March, 1881. The El Pass Herald includes also, by absorption and succession. The Duily News, The Telegrain, The Telegrain, The Tribuna. The Graphic, The Sun, The Advertiser, The Independent The Journal, The Republican The Bulletin. Entered at the Passoffice in El Pass. Texas, as Second Clar Matter.

MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS, AMERICAN NEWSPAPER PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION, AND AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION—Daily Herald, per month, 69c; per year, \$7.50. Wednesday and Week-End Issues will be mailed for \$1.00 par year.

Thirty-fifth Year Of Publication

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Leaved Wire and Special Correspondents covering Arizona, New Maxico, west Texas Mexico, Washington, D. C. and New York.

Fullished by Herald News Co., Inc.: H. D. Slater fowmer of two-thirds interestly. President: J. C. Wilmarth fowmer, of one-fifth interests, Manager, the remaining one-eighth interest is council among 12 etockholders who are as follows: H. L. Capall, H. B. Stevens, J. A. Smith, J. J. Mundy, Waters Davis, H. A. True, McGlennon estate, W. F. Payne, R. C. Cauby, G. A. Martin, A. L. Sharpe and John P. Ramssy.

BOOSTING A FRIEND'S

